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THE SWANEE RIVER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

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CHRISTINE NILSSON

AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SINGING "THE SWANEE RIVER."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

"WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIBBER"

Written and Composed

BY

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON

TICKNOR AND COMPANY

211 Tremont Street

1889

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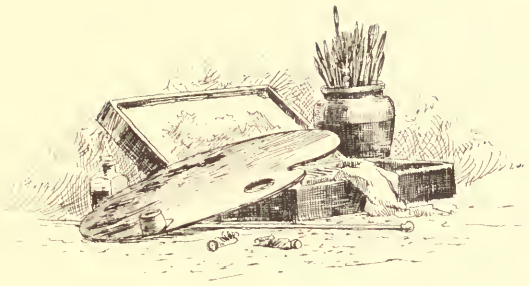
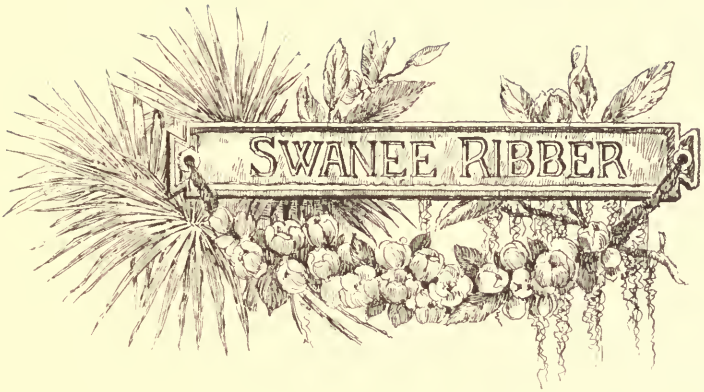


Illustrations

By CHARLES COPELAND.

Drawn, engraved, and printed under the supervision of

A. V. S. ANTHONY.


SWANEE RIBBER

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

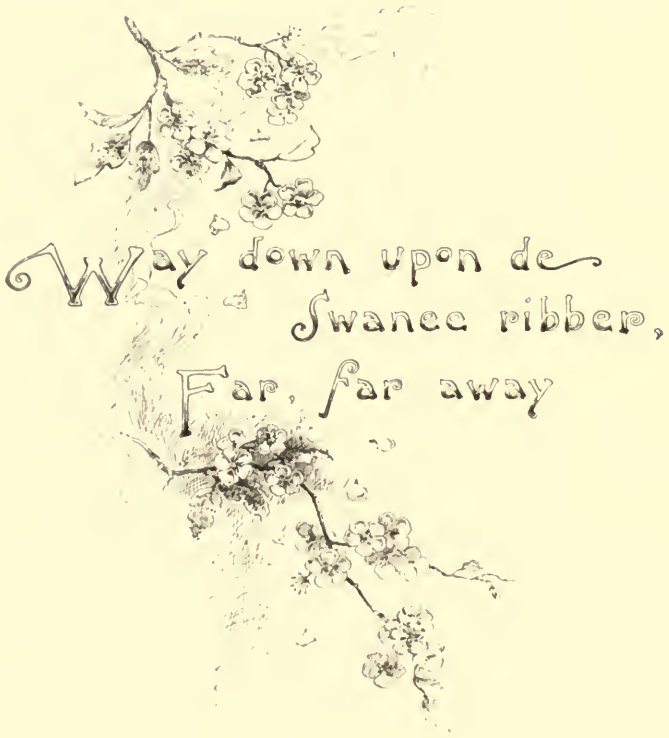
WAY down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere 's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere 's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

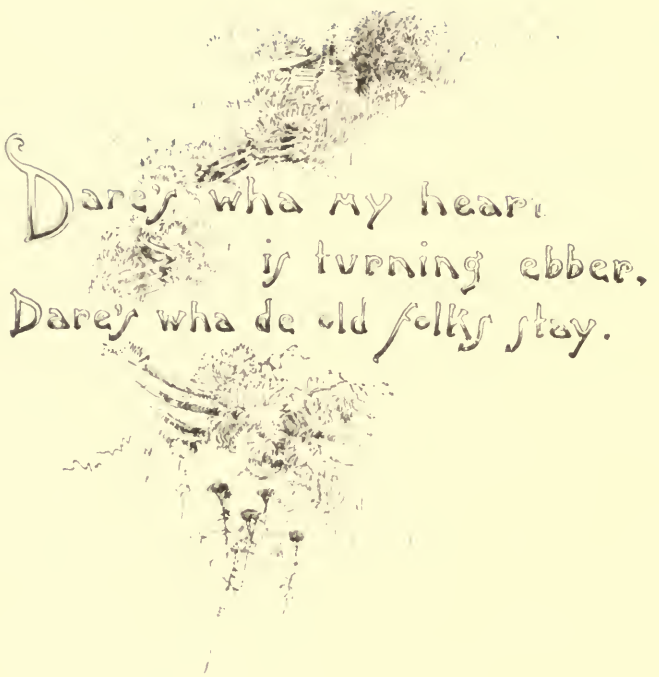
CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

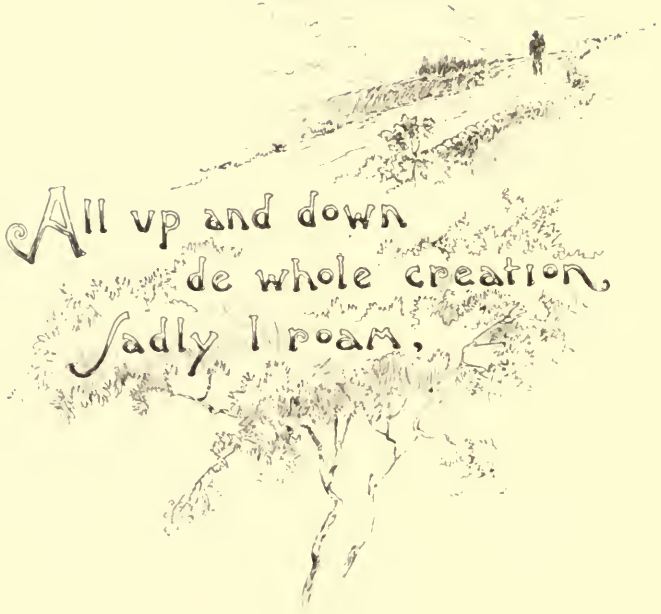
All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die. CHORUS.

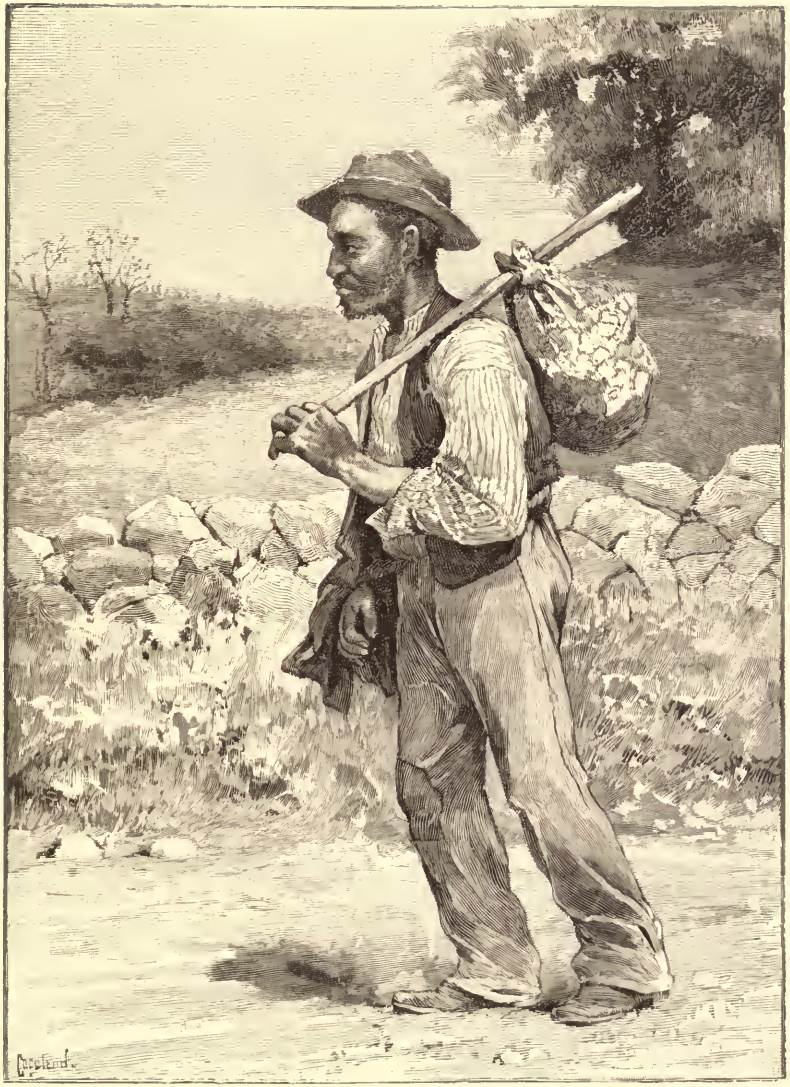
One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home? CHORUS.


Way down upon de
Swanee ribber,
Far, far away


Dare's wha my heart
is turning ebber,
Dare's wha de old folks stay.

Cleveland '87

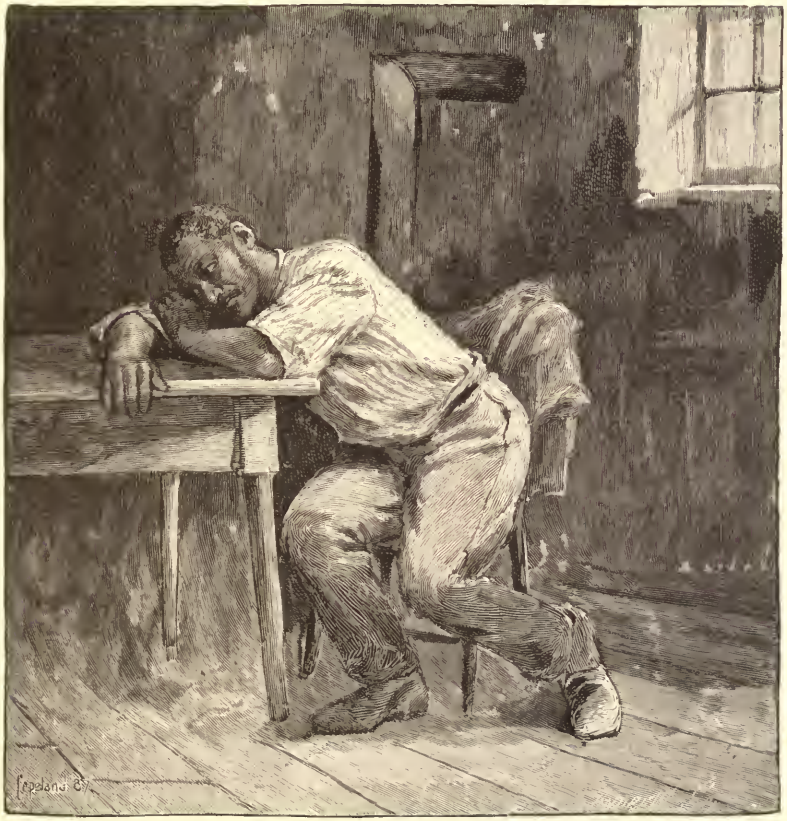

All up and down
de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,



Still longing for de old
plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

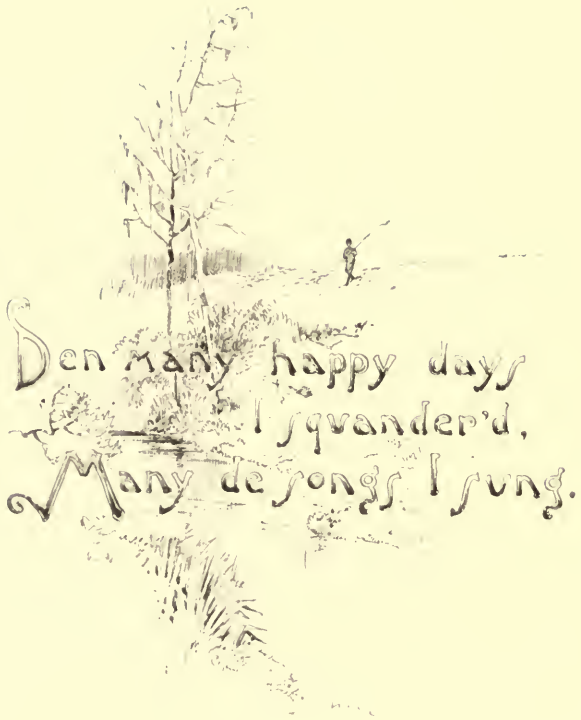
Stetson 87

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys,
how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folky at home!



All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;

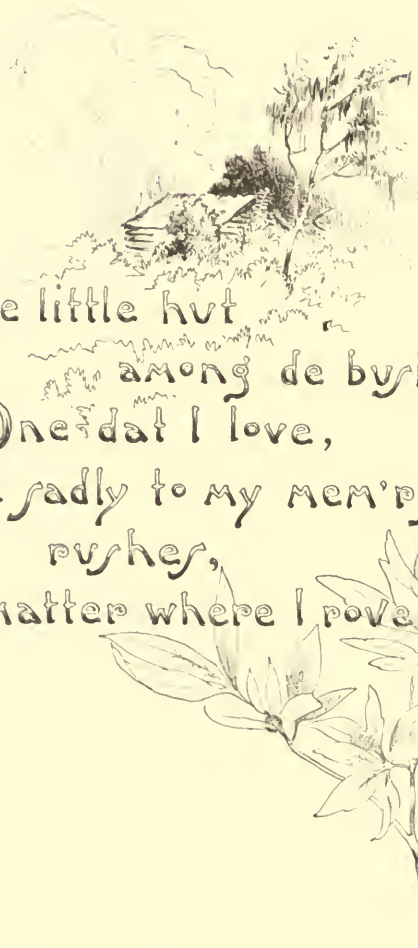
Copeland '87

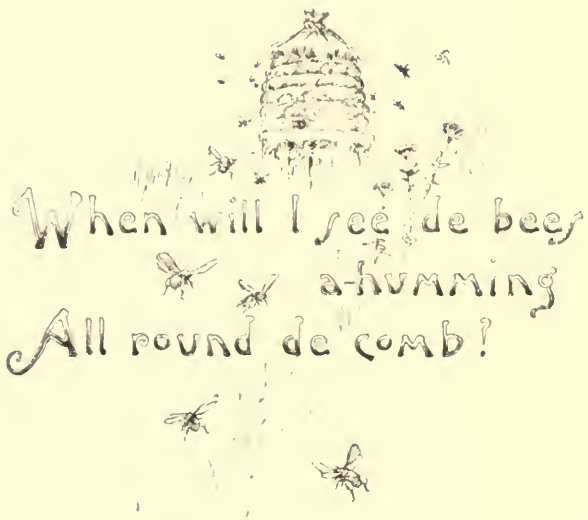

Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.

Copeland. '87

When I was playing
wid my brudder,
Happy was I;

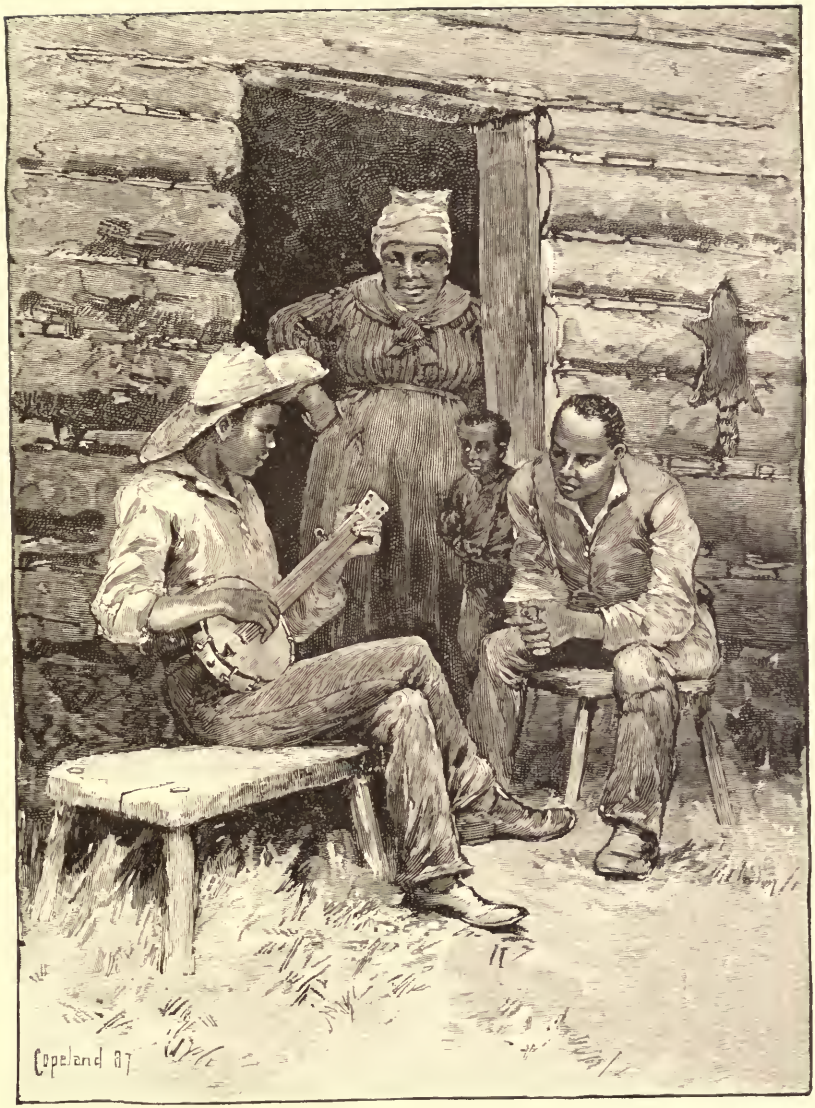
Oh, take me to my
kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

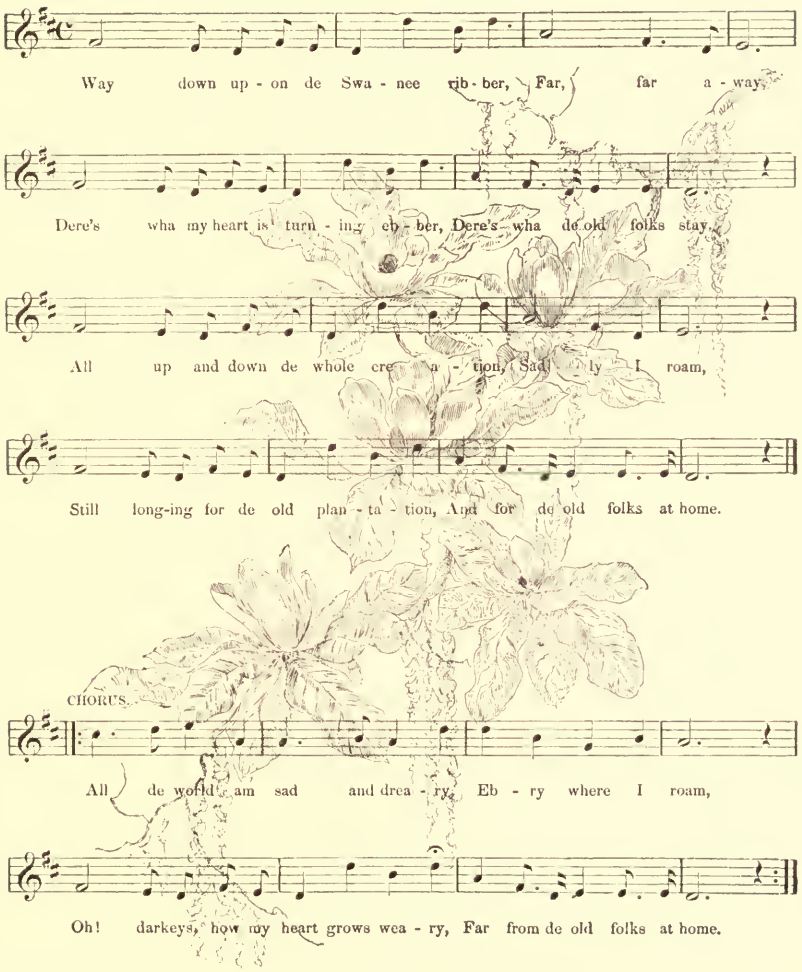

One little hut among de bushes
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.


When will I see de bees
a-humming
All round de comb?

Copeland '97

When will I hear
de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?


Copeland 87

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay,
All up and down de whole cre a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
CHORUS.
All de world am sad and drea - ry, Eb - ry where I roam,
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

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